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THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 15, 1863.

## Great Battle of Stones' River, Tennessee.

## EIGHT DAYS' FIGHTING.

[Special Correspondence Cincinnati Comuseccial.] BATTLE FIELD OF STONES' RIVER, TESR., SATURDAY, January 3, 1883.

In the rage of conflict the human heart expresses little sympathy with human suffering. Your best friend is lifted from the saddle by the fatal shaft, and plunges wildly to the earth-a corpse. One convulsive leap of your heart, you dash on-ward in the stormy field, and the dead is forgotten until the forious frenzy of battle is spent. "Never mind," said our great-hearted General, when the death of the noble Sill was announced; "brave men must die in battle! We must seek re-sults." When Garesche's headless trunk fell at his feet, a shock thrilled him, and he dashed again into the fray. He was told that McCook was killed. "We cannot help it; men who fight must be killed. Never mind; let us fight this battle."

On Friday, December 26, the army advanced in three columns, Major-General McCook's corps down the Nolensville pike, driving Hardee before him a mile and half beyond Nolensville. Major-General Thomas' corps, from its encampment on the Franklin pike via the Wilson pike; Crittenden on the Murfreesboro pike The right and left met with considerable resistance in a rolling and hilly country, with rocky bluffs and dense cedar thickets, affording cover for the enemy's skirmishers. Crittenden moved to a point within a mile and a half of Lavergae, skirmishing with the enemy sharply. Seneral Thomas met with but little op-

On the 27th, McCook drove Hardee from a point beyond Nolensville, and pushed a reconnoitering division six miles toward Shelbyville, discovering that Hardeo had retreated to Murireesboro. This indicated intention on the part of the enemy to make a stand; otherwise Hardee would | percha blankets being east over in order have fallen back upon Shelbyville. Gen. Creek, with small loss, and rested on its banks, rebel pickets appearing on the opposite banks. General Roscerans' headquarters were then at a point twelve miles from Nashville. It seemed that the enemy would make a stand on Siewart's Creek, that being a good line of detense. That night General Thomas, with the di-Nolensville.

On the 28th, General McCook comwaited results, while General Thomas moved his corps across to Stewart's Creek, executing a fatiguing march with great junction with the left of great importance at that time.

thickets. Ges. Crittenden moved forward division in reserve on the right of Critten field all night. He was accompanied by action, deserted him.

The center, under Gen. some body would "be killed to-morrow,"

east, with the reserve division between the center and right, and, sufficiently far in the rear to support, and, if necessary, to extend it—the consequences of which of Johnson's division-Kirk's and Willich's-were ultimately thrown out on the extreme right, facing south, and somewhat in reserve, to make everything

That morning the General commanding and his stall were in the saddle at daylight, directing movements. The position of the enemy was being gradually cises on that field strongly impressed mesition of the enemy was being gradually could not shake off a feeling of uneasideveloped. They were strongly posted, their center covered by a cedar forest in a bend of Stones' River, west side, their flanks on the Murfreesboro side, giving them the advantage of concentrating on either flank with small risk. While the General was reconnoitering the field, the enemy opened a battery upon his escort Cavalry.

Headquarters were established under a cluster of trees, in the field. Rain was pouring down briskly, and the situation was dismal. The General was somewhat anxious, the position of the enemy known that Kirby Smith was in command of the enemy's right, Polk's corps the exhibition of rebel strength indicated der in which they are named, with Johnston, Ronsseau and Wood in reserve, and Starkweather's brigade, of Rousseau's division, on the Jefferson Pike, besides the cavalry division, under the gallant most of the property. Brig. Gen. D. S. Stanley, to protect our

not offer a favorable prospect. The one- bearing information that Kirby Smith, my had powerful natural fortifications, supported by Breckinridge, had concenwith their centre effectually masked by trated on our left, "Tell Gen. McCook," almost impenatrable codar forests, unap- said Gen. Rosecrans, that "if he is asproachable save by slow and cautious sured that such is the fact, he may drive movement. Gen. McCook was instructed Hardee sharply if he is ready. At all to feel his way cautiously and press the events, tell him to prepare for buttle to-

of rails was thrown up against a fence under a cluster of trees, several gutta Just to afford some day facilities for writing. It was not a very picturesone headouarters yet a scene worth perpetuation. The central figure was intensely absorbed in the great events culminating within his active, r. s less mind. He had said this was to be "the great decisive battle of the war." The fact that the enemy had made a stand impressed him that

they were either desperate or in force cavisions of Rousseau and Negley, occupied | pable to resist the shock of battle. Their position was so skillfully chosen that it required all the resources of a powerful pleted his reconneissance of Hardee's mind to force it. His mobile features bemovements, and General Crittenden a- trayed his intensity of thought, but the readiness and clearness of his directions upon any suggestion or subject of inquiry confirmed the confidence in him of those energy, General Rosecrans deeming his by whom he was surrounded. His able Chief of Staff, the lamented Garesche, sat by him upon a rail, faithfully and con-On the 29th, General McCook moved to | stantly in the driving storm, responding Wilkinson's Cross-roads, within seven with alacrity and relieving him of the miles of Murfreesboro, at the end of a labor of details. Every member of his staff short road through a rough, rolling soun- stood within call; and Gen. Crittenden try, skirted by bluffs and dense cedar with his own staff, completed the immediate circle inclosing the ligure of him upon with some resistance to a point within whom such momentous events depended. three miles of Murfreesboro, and found Agroup of cavalry escorts and carriers to watch the progress of the engagement. to the center of the field. The enemy the enemy in force. Gen. Negley was in the rear, dismounted and holding the A mile from quarters I met a stream of were streaming through the woods a few moved forwardto the center, Rousseau's | staff horses; long lines of battle reaching across the field; the movement of artilden's corps. General Rosecrans' headquar | levy and subsistence trains, to and fro, tersadyanced to the east side of Stewart's now and then a wild scurry of cavalry Creek, and after a hasty supper he pro- over the fields, a courier or aids darting ceeded to the front and remained on the swiftly to the front or rear, formed an animated perspective for the picture which Lieut Col, Garesche, his Chief of Staff, commands our time. As hours wore stricken. Most of them had their arms. Col. Barnet, Chief of Artillery, Major away a dismal storm which had driven but the negroes, servants, and teamsters Goddard, A. A. G., Major Skinner, Lt. | mercilessly during the morning subsided, Byron Kirby, Lt. Bond, and Father Tra- and the wind blew clear and cold. A Byron Kirby, Lt. Bond, and Father Tra-cy, who remained faithfully with him, fire of cedar rails was kindled, and a cy, who remained faithfully with him, fire of cedar rails was kindled, and a and at no time, from the beginning of the fence was built around the roaring fire "All aight, we will rectify it." Soon af-On the 30th, Gen. McCook advanced cheerful such a bivouac may be madeon the Wilkinson pike, through heavy | toes toasting and your backs shiveringthickets, stubbornly resisted by the en- and how merrily quips and jests circle emy, Gen. Sheridan's division being in around the glowing coals. I suppose advance, Gen. Sill's brigade constituting | there are situations from which men may his right. The enemy developed such derive more comfort, but a soldier's life strength that Gen. McCook directed you know must be always gay. Such Sheridan to form in line of battle, and old patriots as Colonel John Kennet I the division of Gen. Jeff. C. Davis was expect would discover serener satisfac- had formed their lines on opposite sides thrown out upon his right. It was now tion before a cheerful grate, but youn- of a valley, which narrowed toward discovered that Hardee's corps was in | ger men, looking at the chances of battle | McCook's left. Two of Johnson's Brigfront, on the west side of the river, in only upon the hopeful side, were not ades were on the extreme right and one line of battle, his front crossing our right | apt to consider any tancy but that which

twice I discovered him cautiously but intensely perusing his prayer book. He was one of that class of men whose courage you could not suspect. Perhaps his seriousness and devotion that day appeared the more striking on that account. He was never ostentatious in any sense, ness on his behalf. I felt happy, however, in turning the matter over in my own mind, in the belief that no man in that great army was better prepared to meet his Maker. But this is an episode within an episode.

We were as confident that day that and a solid shot carried away the head there would be a battle on the next, as of Orderly McDonald, of the 4th Regular we were conscious of existence. The sound of battle was already ominous. A good many men indeed have already fallen. Rebels in considerable numbers were already visible across the plains, on the opposite side of the river. We watched them through our glasses with being perplexing. Skirmishing, in the center, was animated, and there seemed to heavy guns were heard on the left, away in the distance, and two hours later the General was annoyed by official report in the centre, and Hardee on the left, and that the rebel cavalry had captured some of our wagons on the Jefferson pike. Still an equality with our own. We had the later the daring raseals captured another divisions of Generals Jeff. C. Davis, John-train directly in our rear, on the Murston, Sheridan, Negley, Rousseau, Wood, Treesboro pike. A strong cavalry force Van Cleve and Palmer, posted in the or-Colonel Burke, posted at Stonard Creek with his 13th Ohio, had already sent one hundred and fifty of his men to intercept the marauders, and he recaptured

Night was approaching without battle, when Captain Fisher, of Gen. McCook's Fighting under these conditions did staff, dashed up on a foaming steed, enemy. Negley forced his way prodent- morrow morning. Tell him to fight as ly but boldly. if the fate of a great battle depended After a reconnoissance of the field, upon him. While he holds Hardee, the headquarters were established upon the left, under Crittenden, will swing around slope of a meado, miding of gently to- and take Murfreesboro. Let Hardee atward the Musfreesboro pike. A shelter tack, if he desires; it will suit us ex-

> Just now a report came in that the rebel cavalry had captured a little squad of thirty men, at Lavergne, with the telegraph operator, besides wounding Mr. Tidd, the telegraph reporter. The ras cals were at their old tricks, and we had no cavalry to spare to attend to them.

At dark, headquarters took shelter and supper. Late in the evening it was ascertained that the enemy had massed heavily on McCook, and would probably attack him in the morning. General McCook was again enjoined to fight hard, and, if necessary, give ground a little while the left should swing around into Murfreesboro. General Rosecrans was in high spirits with the progress of affairs and confident of success. He remained awake nearly all night, and at five o'clock aroused the staff. At daylight he attended mass in a tent adjoining his own, and with Lieut. Col. Garesche partook of communion, Father Cooley, of the 35th Indiana, officiating.

received from the Generals of the left killed; General Johnson had lost three batteries; McCook's line is broken; the enemy is driving us; rebel cavalry is in the rear capturing our trains." The stragglers generally were not panicwere frantic.

The report being made to the General, ter. official reports were received confirming the tidings of disaster. The prospect was gloomy, but the cheering demeador of the General restored confidence. The roar of battle approached alarmingly near and rapidly. It was now ascertained that the enemy had massed on our right and attacked along its entire lines. Hardee and McCook was guarding the train. Davis was in obliquely, in position, if extended, to would serve as reccollections for fireside the center, and Sheridan on the left. flank us. Our left stood fast, in line use when the storm of war shall have Sill's brigade was on the right of Shericorresponding with the course of settled into happy peace. Now and then dan's division, Scheeler's Pea Bidge

right division, facing strongly south- fate. Always a devout man, and inclined where they reformed. Schaefer and denly dismounted. A round shot struck then streaming back through the forests Roberts, were equally successful. But his horse squarely on the thigh, knocking in disorder; save Shorridan's division, Johnson's division, taken somewhat by him a rod, tumbling the rider all in a surprise, was swung back like a gate, and to extend it—the consequences of which was most pleasant, even affectionate, to began to crumble at the flanks. Two of were developed next day. Two brigades all who approached him, and once or his batteries, Edgerton's and Goodspeed's -were taken before a gun was fired; the horses had not been harnessedi and some were even then going to water. This I understand was not the fault of Johnson; who, I am told, had issued prudent orders The enemy's line, obliquely to ours originally, had worked around until it flanked us almost traversely giving them direct, enfilading, and rear fire, Johnson's division melted away like a snowbank in springtime, thus imperiling Davis' division, which was also obliged to break. Sheridan immediately changed front to rear, and of the cavalcade. One of them struck his left, adjoing Negley, was forced into Col. Garasche's charger fairly in the nos- or thirty gans opened with prodigious angle, which gave the enemy the decisive tril, and punctured it as cleanly as advantage of a cross fire. Sill rallied any ring-nosed Durham bull you ever his men again most gallantly, and while saw at a fair. The fiery animal flung leading them in a charge was fatally struck, and died at the head of his line, a musket ball entering his upper lip and ranging upward through his brain .-General Willich, at about the same time, was captured. Brig. Gen. Kirk was serionsly wounded, and the gallant Colonel Roberts, of the 42d Illinois, while repulsing a fierce attack at the angle, was killed at the head of his brigade. Sher-ridan had thus lost two brigade commanders and Heatling's battery. His almost orphan division was left to protect Negley's left, in the center, both Davis and Johnson being sent off from him. But Sheridan, by his own noble exertions, held his division firmly, and the 8th Division, under Negley, by desperate valor, checked the powerful masses of the enemy until succour could be thrown in from the left and the reserves. Sherridan having repulsed the enemy four times, and changed his front completely in the face of the enemy, retired oward the Murfreesboro Pike, bringing back his gallant command in perfect order. There has been no time to inquire into the causes of the disater on the right,

but oviously there was something wrong. Meantime, while this losing battle was going on, the General commanding had galloped into the field, followed by his staff and escort. He had sent a reply to McCook's application for aid: "Teil Gen. McCook I will help him." In an instant he galloped to the left and sent forward Beatty's brigade. Moving down to the extreme left he was discovered by the enemy, and a full battery opened upon him. Solid shot and shell stormed about us furiously. The General himself was unmoved by it, but his staff generally were more sensitive. The inclination to dodge was irresistible. Directly one poor fellow of the escort was dismounted and upon its rear, reaching a point within his horse galloped frantically over the fifty yards of Negley's quarters before his pioneers on either side. The battery field. The General directed Col. Barnett, his Chief of Artillery, to post a battery to shell the enemy, waiting to see it

coolly under fire, and soon had Cox's 10th Indiana battery lumbering toward a commanding point. The officer in command wheeled into position at a point apparently unfavorable for sharp work. The General shouted "On the crest; on the crest of the bill." On the crest it went, and in five minutes the rebels closed their music. Beatty's brigade was now double-quicking under fire ob liquely from left to right, as coolly as if on parode. Inquiring who held the extreme left, the General was answered Col. Wagner's brigade. "Tell Wagner to hold his position at all hazards." Soon after Col. Wagner replied, laconi-After an early breakfast, the staff was cally, "Say to the General I will! assembled, and communications were Down at the toll-gate, on the Pike, we got another "blizzard," with an interlude and center. Meantime the roar of can- of Minnies, which whistled about with non on the right indicated battle. At an admomittory slit. The shifting scene seven o'clock I started through the woods of battle now carried the General back stragglers pouring through the thickets hundred yards in front. The forest was reporting disaster-"General Sill is populous with them, Our batterries sion. were dashing across the plain with frightful vehemence, wheeling into position and firing with terrific rapidty. The rebel artillery played upon us mor - lessly, tearing men and horses to pieces. The sharp-shooters were still more vicious. A flight of bullets passed through the Staff. I heard an insinuting thud! and saw a poor orderly within saber tumble headlong to mother earth. One convulsive shudder, and he was no more. His bridle-band clutched the reins in and his faithful grey stood quietly by was not a square yard on the field free Stone's River, mainly upon undula- some body ventured a suggestion that brigade in the center, and Col. Roberts from fire. The rattle of musketry right here, right here, I won't budge an (42d Illinois) brigade on his left. Sitt and roar of artillery was deafening. Inch." He did stay "right" there. Negley, elightly advanced into a ce- but I found none who desired to was posted on the crest of a hill, at the Still the General charged through it dar thicket, and was engaged, with great apply the consoting fancy to ascowest part of the valley. The enemy as if it had been harmless rain. It shiftings of battle in the order of time. difficulty, in reconnoisering, under sharp bimself—men are so prone you advanced upon him in columns of registrative, and in cutting roads through know, to saddle their fortunes upon their ments, massed six lines deep—sufficient fortunale that his uniform was the almost impenetrable forest, to open follows. I had an impression, however, to break any ordinary line; but Sill gale covered by an overcoat. California curred before ten o'clock, but it was part communication with the right. The and I cannot tell upon what it was based, lantly received the shock, and drove the down again to the extreme front, an officer of the finest drama of the day, which battle is rarely winnessed. It was a contest had brought flowered McCook's that Garesche had a presentiment of his foe clear back to his original position, cer or range with the General was sud-

trusty Sheridan was met, bringing out bis tried division in seperb order. Negley was still fighting desparately, against odds. Johnston, too, appeared soon af-

ter, but his command was temporalily shattered. The day was going against us. It Sweeping rapidly across the fund, a flight of Minle balls struck in the midst his fine head at the sting, scattering his blood upon his master. "Ah! hit, Gar-csche?" quoth the General. "My horse," was the laconic response, and the gallant rider, whose airiness had excited the admiration of the army, pushed swiftly onward. A drop of blood flercely flung away by the wounded horse, crimsoned the cheek of the General, and an hour la-ter it gave rise to the most exquisite apprehensions. Some one who saw the blood, fancied it was a wound, and it was removed throughout the camp that the General was hurt. Some of the staff, who had been sent away with orders, ransacked the field and hospitals to find him. After an hour's torment, he was discovered, as usual, in the fore front of battle. Expostulation was in vain. His only reply was, "this battle must be

During all this period, Negley's two

callant brigades, under valiant old Stan-

ley (of the 18th Ohio) and brave John F. Miller, were holding their line against awful odds. When the right broke, Negley had pushed in clean shead of the left [ of the right wing, and was driving the enemy. The 78th Pennsylvania, 37th Indiana, 21st, 74th, 18th and 69th Ohio, the famous 19th Illinois, and 11th Michigan, with Knell's, Marshall's, Shultz' and Bush's batteries, sustained one of the flercest assaults of the day, and the enemy was dreadfully punished. Still they came on like famished wolves, in columns, by divisions, sweeping over skirmishers, disregarding them utterly. The 19th Illinois, under gallant young Scott, and the 11th Michigan, led by brave Stoughton, charged in advance, and drove back a division. The enemy, far outfront, on both llanks, and finally burst ed on a little knoll, with its flanks prothey were discovered-Negley being unaware of the extent of the disaster on the right. Rousseau's division had been sent done. The Colonel galloped forward into the woods to support the 8th, but was withdrawn before the 8th got out. Negley had found his brigades in echelon, and seeing the critical nature of his position, he was obliged to order a retrograde movement. But even after that the 19th Illinois and 11th Michigan made another dash to the front, driving the enemy again, then wheeling apruptly, pushed steadily out of the cedars. The conduct of Stanley, Miller, Moody, Scott, Stoughton, Sewell, Hull, and Nibling, is commended in glowing terms. Colonel Cassilly was wounded early, and left the field. Scott and Hull were badly wounded. Miller got a flesh wound, but refused to leave the field. Moody was wounded too, and Von Schrader, with whom he had not been on friendly terms, was so gratified with his conduct that he shook him warmly by the hand, and forgot old scores. Von Schrader is a soldier, so that the virtue of his praise is apparent. No need to applaud Negley, the army looks upon him as a General. No guns were lost by the Eighth Divi-

Rousseau, one of the most magnificent men on the field, with the port of Ajax, and the fire of Achilles-no wonder for his gallant lads adore him-did not fancy this retrograde movement. The regular, 15th, 16th, 18th, and 19th, under Col. Shepherd, on his right, liked it no better. Youthful Beatty, (3d O.) com-manding the 17th Brigade, and Scribner, distance topple from his saddle, and with the 9th, were also in ill-humor about it, but there was no help for it. After debouching from the cedars, Loomis and Guenther could find no good podeath. A comrade loosenened his grasp, sition for their batteries, and the whole line fell back under severe fighting, the the corpse. Another bullet went through | left lying flat upon the ground, the right the jaw of Lieutenant Benton's beautiful covered by a crest. The two batteries chestout. Smarting with pain, he struck | now swiftly wheeled into favorable posiviolently with his hoofs at the invisible | tion, and poured double-shotted canister tormentor. Benton dismounted and into the enemy. The 23d Arkansas was awaited the anticipated catastrophe- literally swept away by their devouring but he rode his horse again, all through fire. Loomis and Guenther were wild that flery day. One or two other horses | with delight at their success. The haffwere hit, and the cavalcade rushed from | led enemy came no further. The field that line of fire to another, just in time | was red with the blood of their slain. to be splashed with mud from the spat | Rousseau had sent word that he had fathen of a 6-pound shot. It seemed that there | back to the position he then occupied. "Tell the General," said he, "Til stay

I can not precisely fix the successive

heap over the soil. Pushing out to the fee flashed in the sunlight through vistas cedar forest, where Negley's gallant disjoint was struggling against great odds, opening into a cornfield beyond us, great masses of somber-looking foes were ob-served rushing forward. Quick as thought, almost, the General formed an entirely new line of battle. The right had faced south-cast. What was now the right taced westward. The enemy had compelled us to change front completely. was a most critical period. The left General Rosecrans himself executed it at could not be swung into Muriceesboro, or awful personal hazard. There was not behind Hardre, because we had no right. a point in the front of battle, which he did not visit. Taking advantage of a commanding crest, on the left of the pike. or thirty gans opened with prodigious volume. Solid shot and shell crashed through the populous forest in a tumuit of destructive fury. The cloud of smoke for some minutes completely enveloped the gunners, and obscured them from view. Now, then, we charge. Down through the field and across the road, the General in the lead. Bitterly whistled the leaden hail. A soldier falls dead un-der the very hoof of the commander's horse. 'Advance the line-charge them," and our gallant lads, fired with the wild enthusiasm of the moment, madly push up the hill. The forests are splintered with the furious volume of fire. On they go. Your line of grey and steel, halts staggers, reels. "There they go," shouts the gallant leader. "Now drive them home?" Great God! what tumult in the brain. Sense reels with the intoxigating frenzy. There was a line of dead blue coats where the charge was so gallantly made, but the corpses of the foe were scattered thickly through the woods. Beatty's brigade - Old Rich Mountain Beatty -- made that glorious charge. It was the first encouraging event of that gloomy morning.

Sweeping rapidly from that point to our left, the whole line was put in motion, and the batteries advanced. A few hundred yards on the left of Beatty's line the enemy were still advancing, holdly driving a small brigade down a little valley before them. As the head of the retreating column debouched from a thicket, it was interrupted by the General, and re-formed by members of his staff. Stokes' battery advanced rapidly across the road, supported by Captain St. Clair Morton's battalions of pioneers -men selected from all regiments for their vigor and mechanical skill. The fire was desperately hot, but the General saw only a broken line which he deternumbering the splendid 8th, swarmed in mined to rally. The battery was plantbefore his pioneers on either side. The battery opened briskly, and Morton lead his hattalion beautifully to the front. The enemy, suddenly checked by murderous fire, staggered and fell back swiftly. sheltering themselves in friendly forests. And so, along the whole line, the enemy was pressed backward. The day was sayed. No man disputes that the personal exertions of General Rosecrans retrieved the fortunes of the morning.

> But the battle though suspended was not ended. The enemy had been repulsed with terrible loss, but he was making a fight of desperation. Utmost vigilance was now necessary. It was altogether probable the storm would soon break out afresh. Our troops were disposed for a new attack. It soon began to develope by feints at various points on the line from left to right. The rebel sharpshooters were constantly annoying us, and the enemy's batteries render the field exceedingly uncomfortable. About one o'clock, perhaps, a strong demonstration was made upon our left, then a fierce onslought on our right, Lientenant Colonel Garesche, Chief of Staff and Lieut. Kirby were sent down to Van Cleve, and got there in time to urge forward the tine. Both Garesche and Kirby were in the thick of the fray. The former was soon dismounted by a sharpshooter, his horse being disabled. Kirby invited Garesche to mount his horse, and he walked back to the staff. Garesche had mounted another horse, and was galloping iong side by side with the General, when a solid shot carried away his head. His blood was spattered upon the staff. A moment later, Sergeant Richmond, of the 4th United States Cavalry, a gallant soldier, who had already been recommended-for promotion, was fatally hurt. Soon after, a Minie ball struck Byron him clear out of his saddle.— The bone was shattered. Kirby disabled, and he was obliged to leave the field. A shell pow burst in the midst of the escort. A fragment tour through Lieut. Porter's clothing, and out open his haversack. Bonton's, Hubbard's, Porter's and Garesche's horses had all been struck; two orderlies were killed; the Chief of Staff was dead; Kirby wounded; but the General was still unscathed. I need not tell you his dauntless person al demeanor inspired the troops with enthusiasm. They yelled like Sons of Mays whenever he appeared on the lines. At about two o'clock the enemy were discovered right and left of the Murfreesbors Pike, advancing in heavy masses to actuck for left wing. Such a field of